

COLLEGE CHEER

Motto: "We Knock to Boost."

Vol. VII. St. Joseph's College, November 5, 1914. No. 4.

Track Meet.

II. LATINS 66—I. LATINS 29

Spectators who were present at the opening of the meet on the afternoon of Oct. 14th, were expecting a very close and interesting event. Any casual observer will have noticed with what zeal the Academics had been working for many weeks prior to the contest. On the same day on which the season's track schedule was announced, I. Latins and II. Latins trooped out for their training quarters and the cinders began to fly. At such times it wasn't safe at all to linger in the grove, for one knew not at what minute shot or discus, hurled from Academic cannons and catapults, would fell him to the ground. But Altenbach and Faurote deserve credit for the noble work they did in shaping such raw material into speed, endurance and strength.

RESULTS:

Pole Vault—7 ft. 4 in., I.
60 yd. Dash—7½ sec., II.
Quarter Mile—1 min. 24-5 sec., II.
60 yd. Low Hurdles—9 4-5 sec., II.
Running Broad Jump—16 ft. 2 in., II.
100 yd. Dash—12 sec., II.
Shot Put—30 ft. 1 in., II.
Half Mile—2 min. 34 3-5 sec., II.
Discus Throw—76 ft. 3 in., II.
Running High Jump—4 ft. 7 in., II.
One Mile Relay—4 min. 34 1-5 sec., I.

Basket Ball Supplies.

The A. A. Board has met several times during the past two weeks. Their object has been the appropriation of money for the basket ball supplies. Fr. Albin was in Chicago last Wednesday and purchased the goods agreed upon. It was decided to purchase three sets of suits: one each for the Varsity, senior and junior leagues. The track suits, of which there are about thirty, will be used for basket ball. This plan was agreed upon owing to the unusual expenses this year. Of the supplies of last year, only the new Commercial suits remain. It has been necessary to secure a new supply of balls and of all minor accessories.

Fr. Theodore, who but recently returned from a summer trip to Europe, stopped at the college a few days last week. He was on his way to Nebraska City, Neb., where he will assume the duties of pastor of St. Mary's Church.

William Deutsch was a visitor at the college last Saturday and Sunday. He has been absent from school since the early part of September at which time he became a victim of typhoid fever. At present he is recovering rapidly and hopes to be able to continue his studies at the beginning of the second term.

Of all individuals, the man who cannot be depended upon is in the eyes of all most detestable, abominable and unbearable. But one will have to superlatize these a hundred and one "and then some more" appropriate adjectives if he would express the common opinion in St. Joe of the team scheduled to play Sunday, Oct. 25th.

Obituary.

The funeral of the late Brother Christopher, who died at the Alexian Brother's Hospital, Chicago, was held in the college chapel Saturday morning, Oct. 24th. Solemn Mass of Requiem was sung by Fr. Andrew, and Fr. Adolph preached a beautiful sermon. The deceased was sixty-one years of age, and had been a member of the Precious Blood Community thirty-one years.

My Eyebrow.

Here I sit most lonesome,
Of the cup of sorrow sip,
With a very vacant feeling
Upon my upper lip.
But I do not sit alone
Nor sorrow by myself;
Many another has that feeling
Upon his upper shelf.
We thought to hasten manhood,
So we let our whiskers grow;
We looked our parts real well too,
Our only chance, you know.
People called us "Daddy,"
We could stand for that;
Surging crowds admired us,
(Please pass 'round the hat.)

And other people envied us;
Some others were jealous, yes,
Sore because they couldn't raise them,
Mad because we could, I guess.

And so we had to part with them,
(For joy my heart's no room)
Imagine, "Upper lips shave clean"
Cruel words, which spell't their doom.

And now we are but boys again,
Thinking of happier days than now;
For now each sits and sorrows:
"My eyebrow! Oh, my eyebrow!"

A Few Yells.

Every student is asked to learn these yells, and not only learn them but to use them when we meet outside teams. A little more spirit in cheering would mean a lot in gaining a victory for our varsity.

Nigger, nigger, hoe potater
Half-past alligator
Ram-zam bulligator
Zig-bum-bah
St. Joseph's College
Rah, rah, rah.

A five yards, a ten yards, a touch-down now.
Left tackle back—we want Cow.
Rah, rah, rah
Rah, rah, rah
Rah, rah, rah, Cow.

(To the tune of "What's the Matter with Father?")
What's the matter with our team?
It's alright:
There's nothing the matter with our team
Though it's light:
They're a little too fast for the opposing side,
Who cannot beat them though hard they try.
There's nothing the matter with our team
Though they're light.

Fee fee chal a wee wee
Vita skabita
Hop-skonder nobolinsky
Chuk a chuk chuk
Spondo linguo
Misera St. Joe.

One azippa, two azippa, three azippa, zam,
A bob-tailed woolly cat, a kettle and a can.
Hail 'em, scale 'em, St. Joe nail 'em,
Tee-Haw, Buck.

Are we in it?
Why shouldn't we be?
We're the students of S. J. C.

One, two, three, four,
Who for? What for?
Who are you going to yell for?
S-T. J-O-S-E-P-H-'S.
That's the way to spell it,
And here is the way to yell it,
ST. JOSEPH'S.

Old Raleigh Jolly.

The rising walls of the new gym has inspired a student to sing this "Death bed Soliloquy of the Smoking Club."

I've stood the test of time and wear;
Behind my lowly walls,
Which now are rude and bare,
You made your noon and evening calls.

My life is spent with strife and care;
You've dimmed my shades with smoky palls.

With me you've had your joys:
I've hidden many a joke.
Then life was free to you as boys,
But now upon me lies the yoke
Composed of lead and iron alloys
Which soil my noble cloak.

Your songs with music low
Cheered many a lonesome day,
And made your spirits glow:
But time has mowed its way,
And now I feel the blow
Dealt by the rise of a better day.
When the skies were dark and blue
You always found a welcome waiting:
My doors were always op'ed to you.
But now with sorrow unabating
I bid my friends a sad adieu,
And all forgiving, no one hating.
So when you're asked to tell a story,
Spray your wits with ivy holly,
When you're locks are grey and hoary
And you're bending fast to melancholy,
Recall the days so full of glory
When you named me "Raleigh Jolly."

One View.

It is a sunny afternoon in mid-October. A certain student, who has been standing by the door of the Smoking Club, tires of watching the construction of the Gym and turns his steps toward the main building. But as he is about to pass the north-east corner of the faculty building a horrible sensation overcomes him. He gasps for breath, his stomach sinks, he claws the air, his knees quake, his heart jumps to his mouth. "Oh never mind", they told him when he revived, "it was only the Glee Club practicing. Soon you will become so hardened you won't mind it in the least."

COLLEGE CHEER

Published Semi-monthly by the Cheer Pub. Co

5c per copy. 75c per year. \$1.00 by mail.

LEO BECK, Managing Editor,
STANLEY BECKMAN, Secretary,
THEODORE FETTIG, Treasurer.

Address: College Cheer, Collegeville, Ind.

EDITORIALS.

THE retreat, which was begun Sunday night and ended this morning was a decided success in every way. The retreat-master, a member of the Passionist Order from Chicago, Fr. Brendan Kelley C. P., won the hearts of all at the very beginning, and his talks were delivered in so interesting a manner as to compel the constant attention of his hearers. During the remainder of the year we must not forget what we have learned during the retreat: on the contrary, we should remember that the effects of this spiritual tryout are intended to be permanent. If there is anyone — and we think there is not — who has not benefitted by the retreat, he has lost a most excellent opportunity for spiritual betterment which many people in secular life would be very grateful for.

THE first quarterly exams are over, and the results are about the same as those of previous ones. Some have fared well, others have not. As a rule, those who have received good grades deserved them, and those whose grades are poor also deserved what they got. Since there are no rules without exceptions, some students made a poor showing in one or the other branch through no fault of their own. They may have become excited or confused and thus for the time being they forgot most of what it took a couple of months to learn. Whatever the past may be, it should not discourage us; we still have the future in which to make up for past mistakes, and we can do considerable work before next exams.

Laughrey—Say Icky, how does wireless telegraphy work?

Keller—Why instead of wires running out from poles, the electric waves go out from radio towers and travel through the air.

Bobby—Yes I know, but how do they fasten the air to the towers?

Balm of Life.

Lives of Seniors all remind us
We can make our lives sublime
By doing what the prefects tell us
And applying study time.

We can also leave a record
Of which we truly can be proud;
But if by chance it may be checkered,
Need the head in shame be bowed?

No! remember in all places
Strange things will occur sometimes;
But in counting past disgraces
These won't be added up as crimes.

Try to leave a record spotless,
That a freshman gazing on
May not think his case is hopeless,
But will likely be urged on,

A record that perhaps another,
Who wasted many a college day,
Longs to gain by some means other
That which he has lost by play.

Let us then be always trying,
Trying always to obey;
Have a will which knows no dying—
We will learn it does repay.
— Shortfellow.

LOCALS.

Geometry Prof—What is a polygon called if it has eight sides?

Fogarty—An oxygen

Altenbach—Is there any hydrogen in cider?

Miller—Inside who?

Fogarty—You would be a good dancer Ray, but for two things.

Rodgers—What are they?

Fogarty—Your feet.

Thieme—What do you think of your mustache?

Ricks—It's so funny it almost tickles me to death.

Ehrman (at beginning of debate) —
Gentlemen and judges

English Prof. — Please give a sentence containing the word "indisposition!"

Fedorko—When you fight stand in disposition.

Weger—Say Matt, what smells most when you sit beside Goeckler?

Lause (unhesitatingly) — His feet.

Weger—No, you're wrong.

Lause—Well what is it then?

Weger—Your nose.

Kuntz—They don't want Schulte any longer at the Indian School.

"Pill"—Why?

Kuntz—They think he is long enough.

WILLIAM TRAUB **Clothing Store**

Rensselaer's largest,
most reliable exclusive

Satisfaction or your money back

The Town Home of the College Boys.

S HARP'S || Quality
STUDIO Portraits

Modern Consistent
Methods Prices.

❖ **JOHN HEALY** ❖
"COLLEGE SHOEMAKER"

Matthew Worden dealer in
Harness, Robes, Whips, and
Fur Overcoats. General re-
pairing of Footballs, Basket-
balls, etc.

We'll All Meet At
VERNON NOWELS

The Place for the College Boy.
Phone 360.

JOHN WERNER, Tailor
—AND—
French Dry Cleaning Works

MODEL BAKERY

Meals Served At All Hours 25c.
"Fresh Oysters and Fish Daily,
Served in any Style."
B. F. BARNES, Proprietor.

Fendig's Rexall Drug Store

Just East of Nowels Restaurant.
Pennants and Post Cards
Spalding's Sporting Goods

The Model Clothing Co.
A. Leopold, Prop Everything
new for the 'up to the minute'
young man. First Door East of Nowel's

Ice Cream Candies
FATE'S "College Inn"
Restaurant Cigars

The G. E. Murray Co.

Everything up to date in young
men's wear.

Insist upon sending your clothes to the
Rensselaer Dry Cleaning Works

We do our work at home.
Watch us grow.

FENDIG the SHOEMAN shows the newest
creations in college footwear at lowest
possible prices.

Our Motto as usual:
NOT HOW CHEAP, BUT HOW GOOD.

Fendig's Exclusive Shoe Store.
Opera House Block.

Dr. C. E. JOHNSON

Office over Jessen's Jewelry Store
Phone Day and Night 211

IF IT'S FROM LONG'S
It's Right.
LONG'S DRUG STORE.

You'll do Better at the
COLUMBIA - SHOE - STORE

E. Washington St. Rensselaer, Ind.

STUDENTS! For Classy
Clothes and Furnishings

C. EARL DUVALL,

Rensselaer - - - - - Indiana.

DR. E. N. LOY.

Office East Side of Court House Sq
Phones:
Office 89. Residence 169.

JESSEN, THE JEWELER

Watch and Jewelry repairing